

"yeah?"

"yes, we'll never  
be able to go to  
the POLO LOUNGE  
again," she  
says.

"is that where  
we were?"

"yes, we had to  
take a taxi back.  
our car's still  
out there."

I get out of bed  
walk over to a  
window  
stick my head  
out: "holy shit,  
I can't live  
without my  
car!"

"they should have  
known better than  
to invite you to  
the wedding," she  
says.

I pull my head  
in from the  
window  
turn and look  
at her: "who  
got married?"

she turns over  
in bed  
facing away  
from me  
and pulls the  
covers up  
almost over  
her head.

#### ONE FOR DEAR OLD DAD

Hemingway typed first,  
then drank.  
I drink and type.  
I drink and type  
and write about  
drinking and typing away  
most of the nights.  
it's easy.

my father -- who has been  
dead for 25 years --  
would hate to see me  
doing this now  
with this small smirk  
on my face ...  
the bottle  
to my left, and  
the room blue  
with cigar smoke and  
classical music.

but he'd like the  
money.  
he was crazy about  
money.

he would finally say,  
"well, any way you  
do it, as long as ..."

he always said,  
"you'll always be a  
bum and a drunk.  
you can't face  
anything. you  
hate work."

he was right, you  
know.  
for his sake, I  
hope he can't see  
me  
fucking off again  
tonight.